

EMPEROR AT NINETY.

CAREER OF THE KAISER WILLIAM.

Celebration of his Ninetieth Birthday—How He has Endured Himself to the

Hearts of His People.

The recent celebration of the ninetieth birthday of that remarkable old man, Emperor William, of Germany, was one of the red-letter days of the nineteenth century.

It is difficult to realize that this bale and hearty monarch, with carriage still erect and eyesight undimmed, once met the great Napoleon on the field of battle, the great Napoleon of our grandparent's nursery days, and more difficult still that after a practical retirement of two generations he commenced the herculean task of regenerating and remaking his country, and at the age of seventy-three completed it in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. The beginning of his career is fraught with the most dramatic interest. Its tragic incidents impressed themselves deeply upon his youthful mind and moulded his character accordingly. Frederick William Louis was born on March 22, 1797, at a moment when the French revolution had begun to triumph over its many enemies, including the King of Prussia. The Emperor's grandfather, Frederick William II., nephew of Frederick the Great, was still upon the throne, but died soon after, leaving his kingdom to the Emperor's father, Frederick William III. The first nine years of William's life were among his happiest. His mother, the beautiful and accomplished Queen Louise, daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, took personal charge of the lad's education as well as that of his elder brother, the Crown Prince Frederick William, his younger brother Carl and his sister Charlotte, and a happier family circle than the King's could nowhere be found.

The year 1806, with its cruel changes, destroyed this lovely idyl. Through his vacillating course in dealing with the Emperor Napoleon, King Frederick William found himself suddenly isolated from the rest of Europe and a prey to the conqueror. The battles of Jena, Auerstadt and Saalfeld decided the fate of his kingdom, from which Napoleon sliced off 2,700 square miles with a population of 5,000,000 souls. On no one did this blow fall more heavily than on the Queen. Her flight after the Prussian defeat was attendant with much misery and suffering, and her poignant sorrow failed not to awaken a responsive echo in her children's hearts. Nor were her exhortations unheeded.

"Children," cried the great hearted patriotic woman, "upon you will fall the duty some day of retrieving this terrible disaster to our beloved country. Be men, and let not the degeneracy of the present day make you its victims. Be the worthy successors of the great Frederick, and if it is beyond your power to re-establish the country's independence in defense of her honor as did Prince Louis Ernest at the battle of Saalfeld."

ever-growing tendency to assert absolute rights over the Landtag met with his disapproval. The King, it may here be said, was slowly drinking himself to death. Always a slave to good wine and alcoholics, the events of 1854, by unhinging his but poorly developed mental faculties, only increased his love for that kind of indulgence. His constant bickerings with the representatives of the people, and the irritability consequent thereon threw him ever and again into the arms of Baechus. Finally his condition alarmed even the pietistic sycophants who had encouraged him in his obstinate course, and Prince William, as their apparent, was called upon for counsel. As the King only grew worse the Prince on October 23, 1857, accepted the Regency of the Kingdom for the term of three months from the hands of the Landtag. This term was afterwards twice renewed, and as the King's condition remained the same, or rather he was found to be hopelessly insane from the effects of hard drinking; Prince William was finally declared permanent Regent on October 7, 1858.

His eventful life is known to all, and even a summary of the events of that most contemporaneous period which ended in the downfall of Napoleon III, and the proclamation of the German Empire would be superfluous.

Describing the home life of the Emperor William, a writer in the New York *Times* says:

There is never any change in the appearance of the venerable monarch's palace home. His sleeping-room and office at the corner of the building that stands in the Unter den Linden are lit up every evening at the usual hour, and even when the sovereign is absent these windows are bright with lamps and candles until midnight just as though he were in the capital. The room is a large one, some 18x25 feet square, with wooden wainscoting and heavy brown satin hangings. The bed, although a simple one, is no longer the iron camp bedstead which most of his biographers have declared to be his nightly couch. It stands with the head to the wall, facing a wide, lofty window shaded by thick blinds, and near it on a little table is a collection of family photographs, including that of the Emperor himself, who is represented holding on his knees his great-grandson, the next but last born child of Prince William. The Emperor's watch hangs at the head of the bed, where also a bell-rope is within his reach. On the mantelpiece, no matter what may be the season of the year, there is always a huge bouquet of blue corn flowers, the Emperor's favorite, in a silver renaissance vase. On a bracket fastened to the wall is a two branched candlestick with green shades. The whole of one side of the room is filled up with a large mirror. A door opens from this room into the one assigned to the general on duty as aide-de-camp. Another door communicates with the Emperor's private office to which he proceeds as soon as he is up and dressed, and where he always begins his daily work by reading the verse of scripture, the proverb, or the philosophical reflection printed on the ephemeral almanac hanging over his desk. He now and then adds an annotation of his own to these daily slips or makes on them a memorandum of how he has employed the day, and as they are all carefully preserved by his granddaughter, the Princess William of Prussia, they will one day form a curious and valuable collection for the examination of future biographers and historians.

For a great many years a cane buttoned chair was the only seat this room contained, but this has lately been exchanged for a large green leather upholstered arm one, which stands to the right of three tables placed in a row. On the first of these are placed letters, petitions, and reports as they are received; on the second there are writing materials—a silver inkstand shaped like a Krupp shell, and a pen made out of an eagle's feather, with which the Emperor always writes; on the third table are books,



QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

Her words fell on fruitful ground. They seemed to impart fresh vitality to her youngest son, who had ever been a sickly child. They caused him to forget his sunny childhood and to bend his energies on the work of the future. The few years following upon Jena were passed by the royal family alternately in Konigsburg and Memel, and during this period the Queen vainly sought Russia's help to drive away the conqueror. Finally, in 1809, the King decided to return to Berlin, and his two young sons entered the capital as lieutenants in the ranks of a regiment of the guards. The greatest sorrow of young William's life was now at hand. In the next year his dearly beloved mother succumbed to a short but fatal illness while on a visit to her father in Strelitz. The anniversary of her death has ever been a day of mourning to the great monarch. He has never failed on such a day to carry flowers to her tomb in Charlottenburg and to drop a tear in her remembrance.

AT THE HISTORICAL WINDOW. German, English, and French newspapers and reviews, complete files of which are also kept in a large room on the ground floor of the palace. In this office the Emperor passes a large portion of his time, and it is there that he receives those who have business with him, but no one except the aide-de-camp on duty, who sleeps in the adjoining room, his valet-de-chambre Walter, whose grandfather long held the same position, his physicians, and Prince Bismarck are ever allowed to enter his bedchamber.

The imperial household is a frugal one, and few are the grand dinners given. Both Wilhelm and his empress love the company of their kind, but naturally they have very few intimate friends. She is fond of anything but plain German cooking, but he likes French *plat*, well made and seasoned. Every winter they give three or four state balls in the old chateau at the end of the avenue facing the museum, about five minutes' walk from the palace in which their majesties lives, and not far from the various embassies. It is a very plain-looking four story building, somewhat in the eighteenth century style; it is plastered outside, contains about six hundred rooms, two courts, a chapel, and is surmounted by a low dome. The courts are paved with the coldstones which were the fashion in the days when carriages were much heavier and clumsier than they are now.

"Can't eat a thing," said Mrs. Simpson, "a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving strength."

C. H. Brenizer's strong butcher's horse will be on exhibition here, at Bunnell's stable, Saturday, April 6. Farmers, call and see him.

W. L. SCOTT, MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

In the years gone by public men as soon as their duties were finished hurried off to their distant homes, glad to escape the discomforts of Washington. How changed are the habits now. They linger many of them, about the pleasant avenues and lounge in the lobbies of their comfortable hotels, loth to leave this beautiful city of magnificent distances. Not a few of the members, and nearly all of the Senators, own or rent residences, and stay until the warm weather drives them to the mountain and seaside. To them these quiet months



are, no doubt, the pleasantest of the year. The rush and roar and rattle of Congress is over; society is taking a rest after one of its most brilliant seasons, and the soft, restful atmosphere of a Washington spring acts like a charm on their tired faculties.

Among the well-known members of the last Congress who will spend these delightful months in Washington is William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania. His personal history reads like a page from some old-time romance. To-day at fifty-eight he is the possessor of \$15,000,000, the richest man in Congress and the employer of 10,000 men. Thirty years ago he was a penniless man peddling fish about the streets of Erie. His early life and wanderings make a singular story. He himself knew very little about his birth and the first years of his life. He is the son of a colonel in the regular army, a Virginian by birth and education, though resident in Washington at the time young Scott was born. So that the Pennsylvania Congressman has the unique distinction of being the only member who was born at the capital. Both Colonel Scott and his wife died while their son was yet a mere lad. They were in poor circumstances, and the boy was nurtured out into the world to shift for himself. The first of his numerous occupations that he can remember was when, early in his teens, he found himself a page in the House of Representatives. He was popular with the members, obliging and polite in his manners, like many of the little fellows are to-day, and made many friends among the Congressmen. Mr. Reed, who then represented the Erie district in the House, took great interest in the bright little fellow, and toward the end of the session he asked him if he wouldn't like to go home with him. Having nowhere else to go when Congress adjourned, Scott complied, and was put to work as shipping clerk on the wharves of his employer, who was at that time one of the principal owners of the now almost vanishing shipping of the great lakes.

For the next few years the youth worked at a number of things: clerked, peddled fish, tramped, and done everything that he could get to do. At last he returned to Erie and commerce, and in 1850, when he was but twenty-three years old, we find him in the coal and shipping business, owning and running several vessels on the great lakes. From this time on the story of Mr. Scott's life is not greatly unlike that of other successful business men. He married well, which is a great thing in itself. His wife is a sister to Frank D. Tracy, who was very prominent in the New York Stock Exchange, and at the time of his death president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. By the marriage Mr. Scott got considerable property, but he also got something far more valuable—a good helpful wife, and an introduction into the New York Stock Exchange. Here he became acquainted with Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. Vanderbilt, the elder, and other wealthy magnates of Gotham. They were quick to recognize his ability as a financier and manager, and from this time his upward progress was rapid. He became interested in the manufacture of iron and the mining of coal, as well as the construction and operation of railroads. He owns anthracite mines in his adopted state and bituminous in West Virginia, and, as either president or director, he controls over twenty-two thousand miles of railroad, probably the largest number of miles managed by one man in the world. And so the page who lived in Washington has returned after thirty-five years' absence quite differently situated? Well, I should say so. A man of national reputation, the largest coal operator in Western Pennsylvania and the Hocking Valley, a director in half a dozen railroads, president of two or three banks and one of the recognized supporters of the Administration. No one knows exactly how much he is worth, and his friends say that it would puzzle Mr. Scott to tell himself. His fortune has been estimated at \$15,000,000, and it would be more appropriate to exceed that estimate than to fall under it.—*Chicago Herald*.

A Gift for all.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, will be for a limited time given away. The offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from coughs, colds, consumption, asthma, bronchitis, or any affection of the throat or lungs, are especially requested to call at Z. T. Balfry's drug store, and get a trial bottle free. Large bottles \$1.

Mrs. Hettie Green, the richest woman in America, lately visited Chicago. While she was going over a building that belongs to her, the master not knowing her, became suspicious of the way she pried about and/or her to leave. She was so pleased with the man's vigilance that she raised his wages.

"Can't eat a thing," said Mrs. Simpson, "a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving strength."

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PARIS' BULL FIGHT.

NO OBJECTION CAN BE URGED ON THE SCORE OF CRUELTY.

A Performance in Which Bergh Could Find Little to Censure—The Monarch of the Ring as Mild Mannered as a Jersey Milk Cow.

There are to be no more bull fights. The government forbids them. But why? I can't imagine, and I haven't been able to find any one who can tell. The petition for a renewal of the sport was signed by M. Clemenceau and M. Paul de Cassagnac and a great host of public men. But President Grey said no, and no it is. Certainly the objection cannot be on the score of cruelty. Nothing could be more amiss. I went to the opening performance, and certainly a more innocent show I never saw. There were to be, we were told, real Spanish bulls and real Spanish bull fighters, and it was to be altogether a real Spanish bull fight. Alas for Spain! The hippodrome was crowded. One-half the spectators were ladies. Wealth and beauty and fashion and aristocracy were there in great force. The arena was arranged in orthodox fashion. The ground was covered with white sand. The posts were draped with crimson cloth. There was a close board fence six feet high all around the outside, separating the arena from the front row of spectators by a space six or seven feet wide, into which the bull fighters could leap for safety when hard pressed by the ferocious bulls.

Thus all things were ready. The fighting men marched in, made the circuit of the arena and saluted the audience. Then there was a blaze of trumpets, and the gate of the bull pen was thrown open. One heart stood still for a moment with expectation. We looked to see a huge monarch of the plains rush in with red-rimmed eyes and frothy muzzle, eager and furious for the fray. But no! For a space none came. Then there appeared a diminutive bull, surely not more than 2 years old, and small for that age. He came in reluctantly, and we could see the tips of several goads behind him, urging him forward!

SORELY BEWILDERED.

He entered the arena with a sorely bewildered and frightened air, and slowly walked forward to one of the red draped posts. Against this he began rubbing his head and neck, as cattle do against the trees in their pastures. His horns, I noticed, were small, and on the tip of each was fastened, for safety's sake, a metal ball as big as a door knob! Presently he turned and walked toward one of the men who quickly ran away. The bull looked after him as if puzzled, and then turned toward another. The second man stood his ground until the bull was close to him, and then, after the manner of a circus aerobat, jumped over the animal's back. The bull presently entered into the spirit of the fun, and trotted briskly about from one man to the other, giving each a chance to jump over him. Then he went up to the board fence and, as it was a flimsy structure, soon poked a hole in it and jumped through. There were several men in the safety ring, and when they saw the bull jump in they jumped out in a hurry, and the bull trotted leisurely around until he came to a gate, which some one had opened, and then he went back into the arena.

This operation was gone through twice. Then the men got a lot of red, white and blue rosettes, stuck them to his sides with dabs of glue, and led him away in triumph. This was all there was to the performance, the same play being repeated over and over again with new bulls. There was nothing even approximating to danger, and there was nothing half as exciting as the average riding in a circus. High prices were paid for admission to the first show under the idea that there would be something very exciting, but almost every one was disappointed and if the government had not forbidden any more "fights" I doubt if they would have seemed paying patron age.—*Paris Cor., Chicago Tribune*.

Sugar for Animals.

It appears there is much more nourishment in sugar than has been generally suspected. Recent experiments with animals have shown that sugar can be converted into beef and fat. Sugar has become so cheap in Europe that it has been sold out to cattle quite freely. In one series of experiments it was proved that fifty kilos of sugar increased a single animal's weight nearly sixteen kilos more than if the animal had no sugar. This gives a very handsome profit, and the meat from these animals was found to be of a very superior quality. Five or six pounds of sugar a day was all that an ox would take with zest. Unlike children, the young cattle had but little desire for sweets. Heretofore it has been supposed that sugar was merely heat producing, but it seems, under the subtle chemistry of nature, to be convertible into good flesh and blood. It is, however, no more wonderful than that the honey which the bees extract from flowers can be converted into wax.

How to Glue Woodwork.

Experienced woodworkers have always contended that a glue joint, properly done, is stronger than the wood itself. And yet the experience of amateur workers is that joints often give way at the surface where the glue is used, which is allowed for the bad material. A lack of skill is frequently the true cause. In glueing wood, it is asserted by competent authority, bad work is produced by applying glue to both surfaces; a good job is secured by applying the glue hot, but not extremely so, to one surface, which should be cold, while the other surface should be heated at the stove, but should have no glue upon it. By this method the glue will penetrate the wood and bind the surface together firmer than nature binds the fibers.

Price Paid for Food.

A statistician puts the price paid for the food of the people of the United States, one year, at \$5,000,000,000. That would be a little less than \$100 on an average. The army ration costs about twenty cents, and some of the best regulated public institutions of the country supply food for their inmates for less than that.—*Public Opinion*.

An Old Church.

An old church in Utica, N. Y., which is soon to be torn down belongs to a society which was organized by the Reformed Dutch in 1628 and chartered as a congregation by William III in 1796. The building was erected in 1809, and during its erection a riot arose because the marble was cut by Sing Sing convicts.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The legislatures of Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota have memorialized congress, asking for national legislation for the suppression of contagious pleuro-pneumonia.



The Seven Cuticura Boys

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint or humors to the celebrated Cuticura Remedies.

Thousands of children are born into the world every day with some eczema affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the great skin cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Your most valuable Cuticura Remedies have done my child so much good that I feel like this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the Cuticura Remedies, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

ANNE BOSSMER, Edinburgh, Ind.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 90c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, 5c. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to cure skin diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 tinctures.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp prepared and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

BIMPS black heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until all the lower portion of the little fellow's person from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, pitiful, blotted and malignant. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having occurred.

GEORGE B. SMITH,

Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Atty., Ashland O.

Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

One year ago the Cuticura and Soap cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the Resolvent and Cuticura are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg.

S. B. SMITH & BRO., Covington, Ky.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifier and blood purifiers.</

Massillon Independent.

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Three Months..... 30

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are invited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

The Independent's Telephone No. is 72.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1887.

Attention, Advertisers!

The best evidence as to the circulation of a newspaper is the testimony of the paper itself, expressed by its appearance. The newspaper whose columns are full of news, which is quoted freely, and talked about much, whether the comment is adverse or favorable, is pretty sure to have a large circulation, and circulation is what advertisers want. The bona-fide circulation of the Independent is rapidly increasing, and it offers advantages to all who use newspaper space, which are fully appreciated by the growing number of patrons.

MASSILLON

has peculiar advantages which make it a desirable point for manufacturers. With coal, stone, iron and clay, practically within the city limits, with natural gas soon to be developed, with four railroads, the Ohio Canal and three express companies they could hardly ask more.

Manufacturers seeking locations will read with interest the following sentence from the report of the City Clerk, presented March 16, 1887. It says: "You will perceive by the foregoing report that we would pay off our total city debt and have left in the treasuring the sum of \$8,003.85."

Republican City Ticket.

Treasurer—Jacob W. Foltz.
Marshal—Adam Wendling.
City Solicitor—D. F. Reinoehl.
Street Commissioner—George Zielley.

Council—First ward, John Len;
Second, Henry Huber; Third, Henry Williams; Fourth, Joseph Donnelly.

Assessor—First ward, I. S. Crooks;
Second, Lincoln Graybill; Third, John Mervin; Fourth, Frederick Hose.

TOWNSHIP TICKET.

Trustee—Adam F. Roof.
Treasurer—Martin Shafer.
Clerk—Loris A. Koons
Constables—John Shearer, Theodore Clapper.

Assessor—Joseph Miller; Richville precinct, G. W. Moore.
Justice of the Peace—Robert H. Folger.

Vote for George Zielley and good streets.

The last number of the INDEPENDENT was a very great commercial success.

Mr. Blaine may well be annoyed at the effect of the Sherman visit in South. Just what he can do to counteract it, is not clear.

The Massillon dog undertaking establishment under the management of Louis Limbach again craves for the suffrages of the people.

New York has many newspapers but until a month ago it had but one journal. Now it has two, for, morning and evening the Sun shines for all.

Mr. Reinoehl's name was omitted last week from the Republican ticket. This was indeed a mistake, for the use of it adds strength to what is already strong.

Mr. Sherman so it is said, went south for delegates votes. Mr. Blaine not to be outdone will go west on the outlook for electoral votes. Evidently each one knows just where his own weakness lies.

When people want certain matters made known through the newspapers, they ought to know enough to go to headquarters and make their wishes known. Newspaper men are not necessarily mind-readers.

Even the correspondent of the Canton *Democrat* is constrained to say of the present council, "more work has been done by this body than any previous council in a number of years." The way to keep this efficient organization is to re-elect Messrs. Huber and Williams.

The great point to be made in this city is to elect the best men. The fact that Mr. Zielley made a phenomenally good street commissioner is well known. Then why anybody who claims to be a good citizen should have any idea but to elect him is incomprehensible.

No one is better fitted to serve upon the Board of Education than Dr. T. Clarke Miller, and the city will do well to re-elect him. Mem

bers should be selected who are in sympathy with, and in full knowledge of the modern methods of instruction.

Jealous rivals are attempting to belittle the Findlay real estate movement, which within the last few weeks has reached such gigantic proportions, that it can no more be stayed than the cataract of Niagara. There is something real, to sustain this boom, and while it may not last, it will never burst like a bubble.

Some merchants know how to advertise. More do not. All believe in advertising. Those who know how make it pay, the others do not. Advertisements should be attractively written and timely, like the news columns of a paper. Too many publish an inventory of their entire stock and expect the public to read it every week, for years.

It is not fair to make out John Sherman's Birmingham experience a theatrical episode. As the story goes it is that a delegation of colored men being desirous of waiting upon him at his hotel, was refused admission by the landlord, whereupon Mr. Sherman paid his bill and sought other lodgings, evidently determined that no color line should be drawn between himself and the possible delegates to the next National Republican Convention. Mr. Sherman behaved naturally properly, and Ohio is proud of him.

In one of his last discourses, February 13, Mr. Beecher said: "A man that should establish in Brooklyn a free library for the common people would be a regenerator of the city; and if he pleased to have his name inscribed, that name could never go below the horizon. He might not see the result; for the visible effect would be nothing as compared with the unseen. The complex effect would appear in generation after generation, and his name would be glorious."

Mr. Beecher could not himself establish a free library in Brooklyn, but there could be no finer or more appropriate memorial of his life and work than such an institution, founded as the result of his suggestion, and called by his name—*New York World*.

It is worthy to note that Salem, a town of only six thousand, spent \$5,315.24 last year in grading and opening streets and alleys, and keeping up the same. The sum of \$6,991.11 was spent on permanent street improvements.

Massillon, about twice as large through its street and alley committee, and street commissioner spent \$6,235.40 in keeping up, grading and opening its high ways, but not one cent was spent for permanent street improvement.

Paving brick is now being manufactured in this city; and there is no one who would not like to see the new council negotiate for the permanent improvement, of the business portion of the town, at least.

The semi-annual report of the directors and superintendent of the Stark county infirmary show the total number supported in infirmary during six months to be two hundred and seventy-two. The report winds up with the exceedingly sensible remark, "we urge upon the people of Stark county that they visit the infirmary and investigate for themselves and learn if a new infirmary is not needed." The report is not signed by Mr. Putman, who does not deem a new building necessary. It is all very well to invite everybody to visit the infirmary, but it is quite another thing to get them to do it. The directors fully understand this. The directors want a new building.

The recent changes by which all distinction between the white and black races is abolished does not appear to be resulting as satisfactorily in Cincinnati as it ought to either side. The colored schools, maintained there for years must now be abolished and the probability is, that the thirty colored teachers will be compelled to find other means of support. This state of affairs does not please either party, and many go so far as to question whether this is the right time to drop all distinctions. They claim that the new order of things gives the colored people nothing more than they had, except the poor privilege of attending school with whites, and removes the chances of many of the race to gain a living in the higher walks of life.

Massillon's city clerk published his annual report last week. It shows the financial condition of Massillon as most gratifying. There is money enough on hand to pay the total city debt and have left in the treasury the sum of \$8,003.85.

They may talk about land speculation in Birmingham and Wichita, but after all old New York, if it is an eastern city, can show greater fortunes made in a shorter time than either bubble like city. In a column article upon the real estate market, the New York *Times* says:

A plat on Ninth avenue, sold less than three years ago for \$5,000 a lot. The purchaser improved it with six houses on five full lots. Stores were put on the street floor and flats above. The houses turned out as good as the average flat house, and the property improved cost within \$60,000. Four of the houses repaid the total outlay at quick sales. The fifth brought \$18,000, which represented the cash yield in profit within a year of the original purchase. Soon afterward the sixth house which is on a corner, brought \$25,000. Thus, within a year and a half an investment of \$60,000 yields \$103,000. The buyer of the corner house wanted a bow window on the side street, and spent \$1,000 for that improvement. He was immediately offered \$35,000 for the house, or a profit of \$3,000 on his investment. He would not sell. That was a year ago. He could easily get \$40,000 for the house now.

Monday is election day in this city, and it is safe to say that never has the first of April approached when there was less interest in the result of the municipal contest. Why this is true is not very clear. On one side we have a ticket authorized by the Republican party, bearing the names of well known men, of whose character and ability there can be no question, whose work will be for the benefit of the whole city. It is a representative ticket, such as few cities are able to produce.

On the other side there is a ticket of pensioners and small politicians, sandwiched between some gentlemen of responsibility and standing. These people, or as many of them as aim to be councilmen, are supported by one element, for the avowed purpose of preventing legislation which would wipe out the saloons. It is not argued that a Republican council will pass a prohibition ordinance, but it is the desire of this class to have a council that is unmistakably friendly toward it.

The brunt of the battle will be upon the make-up of the council, but the result will almost necessarily have its effect upon the candidates for the other offices.

That the city finances be kept in as good shape as at present, that new enterprises may be encouraged, and that competent men get responsible offices, it is absolutely necessary to elect the Republican city and township ticket.

Secretary Paul Field, of the Canton water works permitted himself to say in the *Repository*, "that he had been grossly misrepresented by the Massillon INDEPENDENT." He did not oppose filtration but did oppose the old system which Massillon favored, until the Hyatt filter man visited them and changed their views." If anybody misrepresented Mr. Field it was himself. Said he, in the *Repository*, weeks ago, "I have come to the conclusion that in cities like Canton and Massillon, the filter is not what it is cracked up to be." For the remarks in which these words were included the INDEPENDENT took Mr. Field up, and likewise did the *Sanitary Era*. Naturally the ridicule did not soothe his disposition, and hence the last charge. But it now seems that he has changed his opinion. This is well. Mr. Field is a sensible man. The INDEPENDENT applauds him. As to the "old system" which Massillon favored until the Hyatt man visited them and changed their views, "we are in dense ignorance." The Hyatt system has been consistently advocated by this paper ever since the question came up, and long before the visit of the manufacturer's agent. That visit was the result of the agitation of the matter and of a correspondence with people likely to know anything of the practical working of the filter. The fact is, Mr. Field said some very foolish things for a smart man to say, and now that he sees his error wants to blame somebody for manufacturing them.

Massillon's city clerk published his annual report last week. It shows the financial condition of Massillon as most gratifying. There is money enough on hand to pay the total city debt and have left in the treasury the sum of \$8,003.85.

TREMENDOUS SLAUGHTER

SALE OF THE BALANCE OF

Watkins' Dry Goods and Notions.

Only two weeks more of the great sale. Everything has been cut down regardless of value, and now is the time to obtain bargains

In dress goods, silks, prints, muslins, shirtings, table linen, cassimeres, flannels, hosiery, gloves, corsets, underwear, lace, buttons, lace curtains, embroideries, etc., etc.

This is your last chance to buy goods at less than wholesale prices. Call and examine the great bargains we offer for a short time. Respectfully,

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,
Dry Goods and Notions.

No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

TABLE OF TAX RATES.

What Different Ohio Cities Pay.

The INDEPENDENT is indebted to the Wooster *Democrat* for the use of the following table:

Lima.....	37.7	Bethelton.....	26.9
Salem.....	31.9	Defiance.....	31.1
Sandusky.....	32.0	Finney.....	33.2
Washington C.H.....	28.1	Kingsbury.....	21.2
Norwalk.....	32.9	Newark.....	21.2
.....	Bellefontaine.....	26.3
Youngstown.....	33.0	Piqua.....	28.5
Zanesville.....	24.7	Tiffin.....	27.8
Mansfield.....	26.3	Canton.....	26.3
Fremont.....	25.5	Massillon.....	26.9
Wooster.....	21.9	Akron.....	27.8
Bellefontaine.....	23.5	Portsmouth.....	28.8
Urbana.....	22.5	Marion.....	22.2
Sidney.....	21.1	Lancaster.....	21.2
.....	Stephenville.....	21.2
Delphos.....	21.0	Ironon.....	26.5
Galion.....	20.5	Marietta.....	26.8
Warren.....	25.0	Van Wert.....	31.3

well, Michael Bar has withdrawn from the race for township clerk, preferring that John List should be beaten, rather than himself, by Louis A. Koons, the Republican candidate, who not only knows how to be elected but how to be township clerk after election.

The Death of Mrs. Knapp.

Mrs. Harriet Knapp, the very oldest resident of Massillon, died on Sunday noon, March 27, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Atwater, at the age of seventy-three. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon.

The greater part of Mrs. Knapp's long life had been spent in this city and with her death, another is gone of the few, who witnessed the development of Massillon from its birth, almost to the present time. Soon it will be that the story of the Wheat City will have to be heard from a generation that knows only what it has heard, for as the years roll around the builders of the town are dropping off, and only a pleasant memory remains.

Mrs. Knapp was intimately connected with many of the most prominent families of the city, and she has left behind her three daughters and two sons in the persons of Mrs. David Atwater, Mrs. John R. Dangler, Miss Frances Knapp, General Wm. A. Knapp, and Mr. S. M. Knapp.

BY RAIL TO THE OXUS.

Trade by Way of the Trans-Caspian Rail-road—A Romantic Chapter.

The poets of Asia have sung for centuries of the beauty and fruitfulness of the Zarafshan valley. The fact that the environs of Samarcand, Bokhara, and Khiva are among the most fertile in the world has counted for little in their development, for almost pathless deserts separate them from the lands that would gladly buy their produce. Steam cars, however, have come at last to supersede the costly camel caravans that, since the czar overpowered the Khamates, have often been sent to the Russian frontier.

When it was announced a few weeks ago that the Trans-Caspian railroad had reached the Amu-Daria at Chardjin, the telegraph from Khiva and Bokhara at once reported that a number of caravans were heading with silks, leather, furs, caravans and wool, which they would take to Chardjin en route for Europe. Mr. Lansell told us two years ago that central Asian cotton was of fine quality and could be raised in enormous quantities. It now appears that as soon as it was positively known that the railroad would be advanced to the Amu-Daria the planting of cotton in Bokhara was very sensibly augmented. Thus the pulse beats of western commerce are beginning to be felt in the remoter regions of the Mohammedan world, reviving countries long dormant that in the age of Alexander the Great were the seat of an advanced and powerful civilization.

The ruins still exist of those great canals that centuries ago led the waters of the Murgab throughout the Merv oasis, fertilizing the soil and fitting it to be the abiding place of a large and flourishing population. Since the railroad reached Merv the Turcomans there have begun the work of cleaning out and restoring these old works of irrigation, and the day is rapidly coming when ancient Merv will lose the sad and arid aspect that now predominates in all its borders. The railroad that Gen. Amenoff pushed forward through billows of sand and a treeless desert will be the means of restoring to Merv the verdure and fertility she once possessed.

The history of this railroad enterprise which is kindling the spirit of the western world amid the ruins of a dead civilization of the far east, is destined to make one of the most interesting and romantic chapters in the story of modern progress.

Rye as a Soiling Crop.

Results from experiments conducted at the Pennsylvania State College of Agricultural grounds, in relation to the value of rye as a forage crop for soiling, make it appear: 1. That so far as the chemical analysis can determine, soiling rye is much inferior to pasture grass as an excise feed.

2. Fed with some nitrogenous substance, as mull sprouts, oil cake, etc., it may in many instances be more profitable on account of its much greater yield. 3. Quite old soiling rye closely resembles the mean of first and second crop hay in composition, but is juicier, and has a yield which is greater by one-half. 4. High manuring produces a crop of better nutritive quality, and in very much greater quantity, and no distinction was shown by the cattle fed against the ranker growth.

Spangler & Wade sell the revolving roller trunk, the best in the world.

The largest and finest line of Valises in the city at Spangler & Wade's.

With a "yours for Democracy," fare-

Hard Drinking in High Society.

The hard drinking that is indulged in in high society must be something quite huge. I have not been to the opera this season without finding the boxes dotted with young men whose condition ran the gamut from babbling foolishness to stupid sleepiness. The lobby, between the acts, would be full of them, zigzagging to and from "the cooler," as they facetiously term the barroom. The contingent that society sends to the big balls is by far the most riotous that you can find there, and I hear of a number of scandalous exhibitions

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Miss Flora Holtzbach died on Saturday last at the age of fifteen.

The INDEPENDENT's circulation is booming, make a note of this.

W. H. McCall & Co.'s drug store has been connected with the telephone exchange.

The subject of the sermon at the U. B. church next Sunday evening will be "Joseph's Success."

The ladies' aid society will meet in the parlors of the M. E. church Thursday afternoon, April 7.

Agent Strobel, of the Erie Express says that he did twice as much business in March as in February.

The village of Salem spent \$21,666.20 in its fiscal year, Alliance spent \$24,225, Massillon spent \$30,870.58, and Canton \$79,686.93.

Mr. E. E. Curry, of Bethany College, W. Va., will fill the pulpit at the Christian church next Sunday, both morning and evening.

The Steubenville people, through their board of trade, are trying to get the Wheeling & Lake Erie Company to extend the road to that city.

Russell & Co. will somewhat revise the scale of prices to moulder, this being the request made by the men employed in that department.

Next week's INDEPENDENT will contain the full text of the Interstate Commerce Act. Orders for extra copies should be sent in as soon as possible.

The ladies' dime social of the M. E. church will meet at Mrs. Jas. Hackett's on Tremont street, Thursday evening, April 7. Refreshments will be served.

A queer sort of cold with swelled eyelid and sore throat attachments is annoying a great many people in this city just now, and amounts almost to an epidemic.

Herman Boli, an estimable young man and a former employee of Diehlens Brothers, died in New York last week. The remains were brought to Massillon for burial.

The Erie Express Company expects to control the business on the Chicago & Atlantic railway after the middle of April. The United States now has this line.

Detective Dangleisen has brought Jacob Gerstemaier back from Springfield, he being charged with bastardy by Eleanora Wible. He has been bound over to court by Justice Folger.

It has very recently been decided by the agreement of all persons concerned that Mr. Ira M. Allen will remain in charge of the Charity School farm for one year. None of the other plans of the board will be changed.

An alarm of fire was sent in on Thursday noon from the residence of Mrs. A. C. Wales, north of the city. It was put out by band before the engine could get up the hill. The roof caught from the chimney, and a small hole was burned.

Probably the old fence in front of the North street high school is retained for the sake of its old associations, for the generation has long since passed away that first sat upon it or whittled its soft pine boards. It is certainly not kept for its good looks.

The Central Union Telephone Company is about to do what it ought to have done long ago—give Massillon better Cleveland connections. This will be done by building a copper line between Canal Fulton and Akron. This will greatly relieve the over-burdened Canton and Massillon wires. A toll line from Massillon to Mansfield, without intermediate stations, will also be put up this spring.

Mr. George L. Russell furnishes an agricultural item which proves the assertion made in a article upon Ohio wool which recently appeared in this paper to the effect that Stark county farmers were paying too little attention to what can be made a very profitable branch of the business. Mr. Russell owns a farm near Lodi, and upon it he keeps six Cotswold sheep. This spring they produced fifteen lambs, each one bearing twins or triplets. Last year these same sheep gave birth to twelve lambs.

Prof. Will Willie, the Southern fire eater, who came into Stark county to crush ambition out of any who should be so bold as to wrestle with him, and who, in every case was unmercifully thrashed himself, is now accused of being a fraud as well as a beat. It has been proved that Palmetto Lodge No. 9, in which he claims membership, never existed, and that he has repeatedly attempted, sometimes successfully, to borrow money from Masons on the strength of his pretended connection with the order.

John Reese, of Minerva, came to Massillon on Wednesday, for the purpose of obtaining possession of his little thirteen-year-old daughter, who is staying with her mother in this city. The husband and wife had parted for reasons best known to themselves. Reese believed his daughter to be not in the best of hands, and charged her with petit larceny for the purpose of securing control of her. After some persuasion she agreed to go with him, and the two left for Minerva.

Miss Floy Crowell a very pleasing young actress, supported by a good company, has been presenting standard plays this week, to much poorer houses than the excellence of the productions deserved. Mr. S. K. Chester the leading man assumes many different and trying roles with equal success, and C. Ed. Dudley, the comedian, makes people laugh, although his contortions are rather extravagant at times. The company gives way for Gilmore to-night, but returns on Saturday, and will appear afternoon and evening.

Professor Oscar Pigner, who built the Harmonia Band from an obscure organization, into a finely disciplined body of musicians, threatens to leave Massillon, having been offered a very desirable position in the leading orchestra of a larger city. Prof. Pigner's invaluable service in educating this community in musical matters are too well understood to require comment. To lose him would be a calamity to be averted if a possible thing. This can be done. The number of engagements the band and orchestras of this city can possibly secure is too small to give the members livelihood without some other trade or business. Most of the members of the Harmonia are fortunate in having good situations, and are glad to give up their time and labor for the love of music. But with Prof. Pigner it is different. He is a cultivated German musician, having played in many of the famous orchestras and military bands of Europe, in which the compensation was liberal. By what he considers an error of judgment he came to America, followed friends, and found himself in Massillon. Without any trade, and without opportunities to play, or even a good organization in which to play, it became necessary to go to work. And to work he went. To him, music was a part of life, so his evenings were devoted to training the Harmonia band in whose success everybody takes great satisfaction. He works until nearly every midnight instructing the band or giving lessons on the many instruments of which he is master, rises at five to study or arrange music himself, and then goes to work. He is a very proficient player upon the clarinet, and his daily duties, to which he does not object in themselves, have an effect upon his hands that is gradually lessening his skill as a performer. Realizing this, and though much attached to his Ohio home, he has negotiated for a situation as a professional musician. The thing to do to keep him here, where he is wanted and needed, is to form a list of honorary members of the band, or arrange a subscription for a series of open air concerts, so that the business manager of the organization can offer them leader a salary. A number of gentlemen have volunteered some such assistance, and enough should be forthcoming to not only give the band permanency, but to make it possible to continue its progress.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Mrs. Eugene Anderson is visiting in Cleveland.

Hiram Jackson, with his family, will make Akron his future home.

Thomas Patterson has moved from Crystal Springs to Massillon.

Miss Fisher, of Doylestown, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. Tinkler.

Miss Edith Frederick, of Canton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Weirich.

Misses Hattie McLain and Hattie Renssell have come home to spend the Easter vacation.

Mrs. Nathan Clutz and her niece, Miss Nellie Jones, are visiting friends and relatives in Akron.

Mr. John R. Dangler has returned from Wichita, Kan., where he has made several investments.

Miss Jennie Graham, formerly of this city, is now visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hisey, Wellman street.

The marriage of Mr. S. S. Evans, of Beach City, to Miss Mary A. Parsons, of Justus, took place in the U. B. parsonage last week.

A. Theodore Luca, representing the Cleveland *Gazette*, an organ of the colored races, is in the city, the guest of Lewis Myers.

Mr. H. E. Frost of New Lisbon, a son of the late John Frost, the founder of this newspaper, was in this city on Thursday.

The Canton *Repository* says: Miss Clara Muncaster has returned home after several weeks' visit in Massillon, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Bertha Seaman, of that place.

The Patti concert in Cleveland Monday night has been the most talked about event in Northern Ohio this week. Among those from Massillon who were present were Mrs. Barrick, Misses Hunt, Wales and Russell, Mr. S. Hunt and Judge Pease.

Eastern exchanges inform us that Commander Folger has been ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to proceed to the Mediterranean and take command of the Quinnebaug, third rate, about one thousand tons, as we learn by the Navy Register. For a year past Mr. Folger has been in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, and for three years previous to being there was in command of the proving grounds at Annapolis. Commander Folger will sail on the ocean steamer of the North German Lloyds that sails from New York to-morrow.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS

PETER ALLEN ASKS THE CITY TO PAY FOR DAMAGES.

Inured on a Street in Bad Repair—The Fire Engines Offered for Sale.

Neither Mr. Liegley nor Mr. Snyder were present at the council meeting on Wednesday night. Mr. Rink's appearance was heartily greeted, as the news had just been told that he had concluded to remain in the city wherein he has been exalted to such a high official position and had closed out his Canton business.

Street Commissioner's reports for the week's ending March 19 and 26, amounting respectively to \$12.50 and \$23.25 were referred. The reports for the weeks ending March 5th and 12th, amounting to \$3.75 and \$24.30 were ordered credited to his account.

A receipt for \$25.00 was read, for rent for the use of the pest house.

The following interesting communication was read:

The undersigned respectfully represents that on and for a long time prior to December 25, 1886, the city of Massillon carelessly and negligently permitted a part of West Tremont street in said city, at a point fifty feet west of the Ohio canal, to be out of repair, in this, that said city permitted the Massillon Water Company to dig a trench on said Tremont street for its pipes, and, after filling said trench twelve or fifteen inches above the level of the street, causing a high ridge along a line near the center of said street, with which said ridge the carriage of the undersigned, being driven along said street, came in contact, and was without his fault overturned, and the undersigned was violently thrown on the ground and against the curbing, and sustained serious permanent injuries, for which he asks damages in the sum of two thousand dollars.

PETER ALLEN,
By R. W. McCAGHUEY, his Attorney.

On motion of Mr. Williams the matter was referred to the city solicitor. The Water Company, by the terms of its contract, is bound to protect the city from all such claims.

On motion of Mr. Williams the city clerk was instructed to communicate with the Orrville authorities and describe to them Steamer No. 1, which is now for sale, the city being amply protected from fire by the new and powerful water works.

Mr. Huber's fears were aroused lest some small boy should fall from the standpipe. Mr. Williams said that every effort had been made to barricade the steps, but without success. He said the only way to keep people off would be to remove the first fifteen feet of stairs. The subject was dropped.

Mr. Volkmar, not to be outdone by Mr. Williams, moved that the "Vigilant" fire engine, a relic of antiquity, now being tenderly cared for in the fourth ward, be also advertised for sale. Mr. Williams thought it should be kept for tournaments, but in the interests of economy Mr. Volkmar's motion carried.

BILLS PAID.

Josiah Frantz	3125.00
J. W. Frantz	78.75
J. W. Frantz	200.00
A. Wending	250.00
E. G. Williams	35.00
J. C. Pepper	50.00
T. Hagan	50.00
M. Elsiss	50.00
M. M. Miller	50.00
M. Zellers	50.00
M. G. Richardson	45.00
John Madior's estate	10.00
M. Baughman	11.15
Howell's Coal Co.	11.85
Knapp & Dillon	4.51
Skinner & Weirich	25.50

AMUSEMENTS.

The following is the musical feast to be given by the Gilmore band at the afternoon concert, Friday, April 1, commencing at 2:15 o'clock. The program for the evening concert was published last week.

Overture.

"Semiramide,".....Rossini

Since the day it was written "Semiramide" has ever been the most popular of following overtures, excepting "Norma." Following a short introduction somewhat of imitative of the approach of savants, there comes a beautiful quartette for French horns. The allegro is very pleasing and works up to a grand and inspiring finale.

Caprice for Clarinet.

"The Belle of St. Louis,".....Stockigt

Performed by the Author, Herr Stockigt.

Grand Fantasie.....Salcedo

On an Original Theme.....Hartmann

Mr. Harry Whittier.

Nocturne Religioso.

"Monastery Bells,".....Wely

Gilmores Band.

Fantastic for Euphonium.

On an Original Theme.....Hartmann

Mr. Harry Whittier.

Nocturne Religioso.

"Monastery Bells,".....Wely

Gilmores Band.

Spanish Waltz.

Serenade.....Metz

Sung by Miss Letitia Fritch.

Solo for Piccolo.

Variations on the Popular Air, "Come Back to Erin,".....Norrito

Signor de Carlo.

"Spanish Waltz,".....Metz

Sung by Miss Letitia Fritch.

Solo for Piccolo.

Variations on the Popular Air, "Come

Back to Erin,".....Norrito

Signor de Carlo.

"Spanish Waltz,".....Metz

Sung by Miss Letitia Fritch.

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Solo for Piccolo.

Variations on the Popular Air, "Come

Back to Erin,".....Norrito

Signor de Carlo.

SNOW BOUND AT EAGLE'S

BY BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Kate was stirring early, but not as early as her sister, who met her on the threshold of her room. Her face was quite pale, and she held a letter in her hand. "What does this mean, Kate?"

"What is the matter?" asked Kate, her own color fading from her cheek.

"They are gone—with their horses. Left before day, and left this."

She handed Kate an open letter. The girl took it hurriedly, and read:

"When you get this we shall be no more; perhaps not even as much. Ned found the trail yesterday, and we are taking the first advantage of it before day. We dared not trust ourselves to say 'Good-by!' last evening; we were too cowardly to face you this morning; we must go as we came, without warning, but not without regret. We leave a package and a letter for your husband. It is not only our poor return for your gentleness and hospitality, but, since it was accidentally the means of giving us the pleasure of your society, we beg you to keep it in safety until his return. We kiss your mother's hands. Ned wants to say something more, but time presses, and I only allow him to send his love to Minnie, and to tell her that he is trying to find the red snow."

"GEORGE LEE."

"But he is not fit to travel," said Mrs. Hale. "And the trail—it may not be passable."

"It was passable the day before yesterday," said Kate drearily; "for I discovered it, and went as far as the buck-eyes."

"Then it was you who told them about it," said Mrs. Hale reproachfully.

"No," said Kate indignantly. "Of course I didn't." She stopped, and, reading the significance of her speech in the glistening eyes of her sister, she blushed. Josephine kissed her and said:

"It was treating us like children, Kate, but we must make them pay for it hereafter. For that package and letter to John means something, and we shall probably see them before long. I wonder what the letter is about, and what is in the package?"

"Probably one of Mr. Lee's jokes. He is quite capable of turning the whole thing into ridicule. I dare say he considers his visit here a prolonged jest."

"With his poor leg, Kate. You are as unfair to him as you were to Falkner when they first came."

Kate, however, kept her dark eyebrows knitted in a piquant frown.

"To think of his intimating what he would allow Falkner to say! And yet you believe he has no evil influence over the young man."

Mrs. Hale laughed. "Where are you going so fast, Kate?" she called, mischievously, as the young lady bounded out of the room.

"Where? Why, to tidy John's room. He may be coming at any moment now. Or do you want to do it yourself?"

"No, no," returned Mrs. Hale, hurriedly, "you do it. I'll look in a little later on."

She turned away with a sigh. The sun was shining brilliantly outside. Through the half-open blinds its long shafts seemed to be searching the house for the lost guests, and making the hollow shell appear doubly empty. What a contrast to the dear dark days of listless seduction and delicious security, lit by Lee's laughter and the sparkling hearth, which had passed so quickly! The forgotten outer world seemed to have returned to the house through those open windows and awakened its dolefuls from a dream.

The morning seemed interminable, and it was past noon, while they were deep in a sympathetic conference with Mrs. Scott, who had drawn a pathetic word picture of the two friends perishing in the snowdrifts, with flannels, breath, smelling salts or jelly, which they had forgotten, when they were startled by the loud barking of Spot on the lawn before the house. The women looked hurriedly at each other.

"They have returned," said Mrs. Hale.

Kate ran to the window. A horseman was approaching the house. A single glance showed her that it was neither Falkner, Lee nor Hale, but a stranger.

"Perhaps he brings some news of them," said Mrs. Scott quickly. So complete had been their preoccupation with the loss of their guests that they could not yet conceive of anything that did not pertain to it.

The stranger, who was at once ushered into the parlor, was evidently disconcerted by the presence of the three women.

"Ireckoned to see John Hale yester," he began, awkwardly.

A slight look of disappointment passed over their faces. "He has not yet returned," said Mrs. Hale briefly.

"Sho! I wotter know. He's hed time to do it, I reckon," said the stranger.

"I suppose he hasn't been able to get over from the Summit," returned Mrs. Hale. "The trail is closed."

"It ain't now, for I kem over it this mornin' myself."

"You didn't—meet—any one?" asked Mrs. Hale timidly, with a glance at the others.

"No."

A long silence ensued. The unfortunate visitor plainly perceived an evident abatement of interest in himself, yet he still struggled politely to say something. "Then Ireckon you know what kept Hale away," he said dubiously.

"Oh, certainly—the stage robbery."

"I wish I'd known that," said the stranger reflectively, "for I ez good ez rode over just to tell it to ya. Yo see John Hale, he sent a note to ye 'spainin' matters by a gentleman; but the road agents tackled that man, and left him for dead in the road."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale impatiently.

"Inckly he didn't die, but kem to and managed to crawl into the bush, whar I found him when I was lookin' for stock, and brought him to my house!"

"You found him? Your house?" interrupted Mrs. Hale.

"Jut my house," continued the man doggedly. "I'm Thompson of Thompson's Pass over you; mbebe it ain't much of a house, but I brought him thar. Well, ez he couldn't find the note that Hale had gav him, and like ez not the road agents had gone through him

"and got it, ez soon ez the weather let up I made a break over yer to tell ye."

"You say Mr. Lee came to your house," repeated Mrs. Hale, "and is there now?"

"Not much," said the man grimly; "and I never said Lee was thar. I mean that Bilson was shot by Lee and kem!"

"Certainly, Josephine!" said Kate, suddenly stepping between her sister and Thompson, and turning upon her white face and eyes of silencing significance; "certainly—don't you remember?—that's the story we got from the Chinaman, you know, only muddeled. Go on, sir," she continued, turning to Thompson calmly; "you say that the man who brought the note from my brother was shot by Lee?"

"And another fellow they call Falkner. Yes, that's about the size of it."

"Thank you; it's nearly the same story that we heard. But you have had a long ride, Mr. Thompson; let me offer you a glass of whisky in the dining room. This way, Rawlins?"

The door closed upon them none too soon.

For Mrs. Hale already felt the room whirling around her and sank back into her chair with an hysterical laugh. Old Mrs. Scott did not move from her seat, but, with her eyes fixed on the door, impatiently waited Kate's return. Neither spoke, but each felt that the young, untried girl was equal to the emergency and would get at the truth.

The sound of Thompson's feet in the hall and the closing of the front door was followed by Kate's reappearance. Her face was still pale, but calm.

"Well?" said the two women in a breath.

"Well," returned Kate, slowly, "Mr. Lee and Mr. Falkner were undoubtedly the two men who took the paper from John's messenger and brought it here."

"You are sure?" said Mrs. Scott.

"There can be no mistake, mother."

"Then," said Mrs. Scott, with triumphant feminine logic, "I don't want anything more to satisfy me that they are perfectly innocent!"

More convincing than the most perfect masculine deduction, this single expression of their common nature sent a thrill of sympathy and understanding through each. They cried for a few moments on each other's shoulders.

"To think," said Mrs. Scott, "what that poor boy must have suffered to have been obliged to do—that to—Bilson—isn't that the creature's name? I suppose we ought to send over there and inquire after him, with some chicken and jelly, Kate. It's only common humanity, and we must be just, my dear; for even if he shot Mr. Lee and provoked the poor boy to shoot him, he may have thought it his duty. And, then, it will avail suspicions."

"To think," murmured Mrs. Hale, "what they must have gone through while they were here—momentarily expecting John to come, and yet keeping up such a light heart."

"I believe, if they had stayed any longer, they would have told us everything," said Mrs. Scott.

Both the younger women were silent. Kate was thinking of Falkner's significant speech as they neared the house on their last walk; Josephine was recalling the remorseful picture drawn by Lee, which she knew was his own portrait. Suddenly she started,

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The two women looked at each other with a blaze of thanksgiving in their grateful eyes. Without comprehending all that Col. Clinch had said, they understood enough to know that their late guests were safe from the pursuit of that party, and that their own conduct was spared criticism. I hardly dare write it, but they instantly assumed the appearance of aggrieved martyrs, and felt as if they were.

"Yes, ladies!" continued the colonel, inspired by the bright eyes fixed upon him.

"We haven't taken the road ourselves yet, han—polo honor—we wouldn't mind doing it in a case like this." Then with the fluent but somewhat exaggerated phraseology of a man trained to "stamp" speaking, he gave an account of the robbery and his own connection with it. He spoke of the swindling and treachery which had undoubtedly prompted Falkner to obtain restitution of his property by an overt act of violence under the leadership of Lee. He added that he had learned since at Wild Cat Station that Harkins had fled the country, that a suit had been commenced by the Excelsior Ditch company, and that all available property of Harkins had been seized by the sheriff.

"Of course it can't be proved yet, but there's no doubt in my mind that Lee, who is an old friend of Ned Falkner's, got up that job to help him, and that Ned's off with the money by this time—and I'm right glad of it. I can't say we've done much toward it, except to keep tumbling in the way of that detective party of Stanner's, and so throw them off the trail—ba, ba! The judge here, I reckon, has had his share of fun, for while he is Hennicker's trying to get some facts from Hennicker's pretty daughter, Stanner tried to get up some sort of vigilance committee of the stage passengers to turn down Hennicker's ranch out of spite, but the judge here stepped in and stopped that."

"It was really highhanded proceeding," said Mrs. Hale, "but I managed to check it," said Hale, meeting somewhat consciousness the first direct look his wife had cast upon him, and falling back for support on his old manner. "In its way, I think it was worse than the robbery by Lee and Falkner, for it was done in the name of law and order; while, as far as I can judge from the facts, the affair that we were following up was simply a rude and irregular restitution of property that had been morally stolen."

"I have no doubt you did quite right, though I don't understand it," said Mrs. Hale, languidly; "but I trust these gentlemen will stay to luncheon, and in the meantime excuse us for coming away, as we are short of servants, and Manuel seems to have followed the example of the head of the house and left us, in pursuit of somebody or something."

When the three women had gained the vantage ground of the drawing room, Kate said, earnestly, "As it's all right, hadn't we better tell him now?"

"Decidedly not, child," said Mrs. Scott, imperatively. "Do you suppose they are in a hurry to tell us their whole story? Who are these Hennicker people? and they were there a week ago!"

"And did you notice John's hat when he came in, and the vulgar familiarity of calling him 'judge'?" said Mrs. Hale.

"Well, certainly anything like the familiar of this man Clinch I never saw," said Kate. "Contrast his manner with Mr. Falkner's."

At luncheon the three suffering martyrs finally succeeded in reducing Hale and his two friends to an attitude of vague apology. But their triumph was short lived. At the end of the meal they were startled by the tramping of hoofs without, followed by long knocking. In another moment the door was opened and Mr. Stanner strode into the room. Hale rose with a look of indignation.

"And did you notice John's hat when he came in, and the vulgar familiarity of calling him 'judge'?" said Mrs. Hale.

"Well, certainly anything like the familiar of this man Clinch I never saw," said Kate. "Contrast his manner with Mr. Falkner's."

"Ireckoned to see John Hale yester," he began, awkwardly.

A slight look of disappointment passed over their faces. "He has not yet returned," said Mrs. Hale briefly.

"Sho! I wotter know. He's hed time to do it, I reckon," said the stranger.

"I suppose he hasn't been able to get over from the Summit," returned Mrs. Hale. "The trail is closed."

"It ain't now, for I kem over it this mornin' myself."

"You didn't—meet—any one?" asked Mrs. Hale timidly, with a glance at the others.

"No."

A long silence ensued. The unfortunate visitor plainly perceived an evident abatement of interest in himself, yet he still struggled politely to say something. "Then Ireckon you know what kept Hale away," he said dubiously.

"Oh, certainly—the stage robbery."

"I wish I'd known that," said the stranger reflectively, "for I ez good ez rode over just to tell it to ya. Yo see John Hale, he sent a note to ye 'spainin' matters by a gentleman; but the road agents tackled that man, and left him for dead in the road."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hale impatiently.

"Inckly he didn't die, but kem to and managed to crawl into the bush, whar I found him when I was lookin' for stock, and brought him to my house!"

"You found him? Your house?" interrupted Mrs. Hale.

"Jut my house," continued the man doggedly. "I'm Thompson of Thompson's Pass over you; mbebe it ain't much of a house, but I brought him thar. Well, ez he couldn't find the note that Hale had gav him, and like ez not the road agents had gone through him

"and got it, ez soon ez the weather let up I made a break over yer to tell ye."

"You say Mr. Lee came to your house," repeated Mrs. Hale, "and is there now?"

"Not much," said the man grimly; "and I never said Lee was thar. I mean that Bilson was shot by Lee and kem!"

"Certainly, Josephine!" said Kate, suddenly stepping between her sister and Thompson, and turning upon her white face and eyes of silencing significance; "certainly—don't you remember?—that's the story we got from the Chinaman, you know, only muddeled. Go on, sir," she continued, turning to Thompson calmly; "you say that the man who brought the note from my brother was shot by Lee?"

"And another fellow they call Falkner. Yes, that's about the size of it."

"Thank you; it's nearly the same story that we heard. But you have had a long ride, Mr. Thompson; let me offer you a glass of whisky in the dining room. This way, Rawlins?"

The door closed upon them none too soon.

For Mrs. Hale already felt the room whirling around her and sank back into her chair with an hysterical laugh. Old Mrs. Scott did not move from her seat, but, with her eyes fixed on the door, impatiently waited Kate's return. Neither spoke, but each felt that the young, untried girl was equal to the emergency and would get at the truth.

The sound of Thompson's feet in the hall and the closing of the front door was followed by Kate's reappearance. Her face was still pale, but calm.

"Well?" said the two women in a breath.

"Well," returned Kate, slowly, "Mr. Lee and Mr. Falkner were undoubtedly the two men who took the paper from John's messenger and brought it here."

"You are sure?" said Mrs. Scott.

"There can be no mistake, mother."

"Then," said Mrs. Scott, with triumphant feminine logic, "I don't want anything more to satisfy me that they are perfectly innocent!"

More convincing than the most perfect masculine deduction, this single expression of their common nature sent a thrill of sympathy and understanding through each. They cried for a few moments on each other's shoulders.

"To think," said Mrs. Scott, "what that poor boy must have suffered to have been obliged to do—that to—Bilson—isn't that the creature's name? I suppose we ought to send over there and inquire after him, with some chicken and jelly, Kate. It's only common humanity, and we must be just, my dear; for even if he shot Mr. Lee and provoked the poor boy to shoot him, he may have thought it his duty. And, then, it will avail suspicions."

"To think," murmured Mrs. Hale, "what they must have gone through while they were here—momentarily expecting John to come, and yet keeping up such a light heart."

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The two women were silent. Kate was thinking of Falkner's significant speech as they neared the house on their last walk; Josephine was recalling the remorseful picture drawn by Lee, which she knew was his own portrait. Suddenly she started,

"But John will be here soon; what are we to tell him? And then that package and that letter?"

"To think," murmured Mrs. Hale, "what they must have gone through while they were here—

"Steady, boys," interrupted Stanner, as his five benchmen filed into the hall. "There's no backin' down here, Col. Clinch, unless you and Hale kililate to back down the state of California! The matter stands like this: There's a halfbreed Mexican, called Manuel, arrested over at the Summit, who swears he saw George Lee and Edward Falkner in this house the night after the robbery. He says that they were makin' themselves at home here, as if they were among friends, and considerin' the kind of help we've had from Mr. John Hale, it looks ez if it might be true."

"It's an infamous lie!" said Hale.

"It may be true, John," said Mrs. Scott, suddenly stepping in front of her pale-cheeked daughters. "A wounded man was brought here out of the storm by his friend, who claimed the shelter of your roof. As your mother I should have been unworthy to stay beneath it and have denied that shelter or withheld it until I knew his name and what he was. He stayed here until he could be removed. He left a letter for you. It will probably tell you if he was the man this person is seeking."

"Thank you, mother," said Hale, lifting her hand to his lips quietly; "and perhaps you will kindly tell these gentlemen that, as your son does not care to know who or what the stranger was there is no necessity for opening the letter or keepin' Mr. Stanner a moment longer."

"But you will oblige me, John, by opening it before these gentlemen," said Mrs. Hale, recovering her voice and color. "Please to follow me," she said, preceding them to the staircase.

They entered Mr. Hale's room, now restored to its original condition. On the table lay a letter and a small package. The eyes of Mr. Stanner, a little abashed by the attitude of the two women, fastened upon it and glistered.

Josephine handed her husband the letter. He opened it in breathless silence and read: "John Hale:

"We owe you no return for voluntarily making yourself a champion of justice and pursuing us, except it was to offer you fair field and no favor. We didn't get that much from you, but accident brought us into your house and into your family, where we did get it and were fairly vanquished. To the victors belong the spoils. We leave the package of greenbacks which we took: from Col. Clinch in the Sierra coach, but which was first stolen by Harkins from forty-four shareholders of the Excelsior Ditch. We have no right to say what you should do with it, but if you aren't tired of following the same line of justice that induced you to run after us you will try to restore it to its rightful owners."

"We leave you another trifle as an evidence that our intrusion into your affairs was not without some service to you, even if the service was as accidental as the intrusion. You will find a pair of boots in the corner of your closet. They were taken from the burglarious feet of Manuel, your peon, who, believing the three ladies were alone and at his mercy, entered your house with an accomplice at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, and was kicked out by

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE LEE & EDWARD FALKNER."

Hale's voice and color changed on reading this last paragraph. He turned quickly toward his wife: Kate flew to the closet, where the muffled boots of Manuel confronted them. "We never knew it, I always suspected something that night," said Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Scott in the same breath.

"That's all very well and like George Lee's high falutin'," said Stanner, approaching the table, "but as long ez the greenbacks are here he can make what capital he likes outta Manuel. I'll trouble you to pass over that package."

"Excuse me," said Hale, "but I believe this is the package taken from Col. Clinch. Is it not?" he added, appealing to the colonel.

"It is," said Clinch.

"Then take it," said Hale, handing him the package. "The first restitution is to you, but I believe we will fulfill Lee's instructions as well as myself."

"But," said Stanner, furiously interposing, "I've a warrant to seize that wherever found, and I dare you to disobey the law."

"Mr. Stanner," said Clinch, slowly, "there are ladies present. If you insist upon having that package I must ask them to withdraw, and I'm afraid you'll find me better prepared to resist a second robbery than I was the first. Your warrant, which was taken out by the express company, is supplanted by civil proceedings taken the day before yesterday against the property of the fugitive swindler Harkins! You should have consulted the sheriff before you came here."

Stanner saw his mistake. But in the faces of his grinning followers he was obliged to keep up his bluster. "You shall hear from me again, sir," he said, turning on his heel.

"I beg your pardon," said Clinch grimly, "but do I understand that at last I am to have the honor?"

"You shall hear from the company's lawyers, sir," said Stanner, turning red, and noisily leaving the room.

"And so, my dear ladies," said Col. Clinch, "you have spent a week with a highwayman. I say a highwayman, for it would be hard to call my young friend Falkner by that name for his first offense, committed under great provocation, and undoubtedly instigated by Lee, who was an old friend of his, and to whom he came, no doubt, in desperation."

"George Lee," said Clinch, settling himself back oratorically in his chair, "my dear young lady, is a highwayman, but not of the common sort. He is a gentleman born, madam, comes from one of the oldest families of the eastern shore of Maryland. He never mixes himself up with anything but some of the biggest strikes, and he's an educated man. He is very popular with ladies and children; he was never known to do or say anything that could bring a blush to the cheek of beauty or a tear to the eye of innocence. I think I may say I'm sure you found him so."

"I shall never believe him anything but a gentleman," said Mrs. Scott firmly.

"If he has a defect it is perhaps a too reckless indulgence in draw poker," said the colonel musingly; "not unbecoming a gentleman, understand me, Mrs. Scott, but perhaps too reckless for his own good. George played a grand game, a glittering game, but pardon me if I say an 'uncertain' game. I've told him so; it's the only point on which we ever differed."

"Then you know him?" said Mrs. Hale, lifting her soft eyes to the colonel.

"I have that honor."

"Did his appearance, Josephine," broke in Hale, somewhat ostentatiously, "appear to you—er—correspond with these qualities? You know what I mean."

"He certainly seemed very simple and natural," said Mrs. Hale, slightly drawing her pretty lips together. "He did not wear his trousers rolled up over his boots in the company of ladies, as you're doing now, nor did he make his first appearance in this house with such a hat as you wore this morning, or I should not have admitted him."

There were a few moments of embarrassing silence.

"Do you intend to give that package to Mr. Falkner yourself, colonel?" asked Mrs. Scott.

"I shall hand it over to the Excelsior company," said the colonel, "but I shall inform Ned of what I have done."

"Then," said Mrs. Scott, "will you kindly take a message from us to him?"

"If you wish it."

"You will be doing me a great favor, colonel," said Hale, politely.

Whatever the message was, six months later it brought Edward Falkner, the re-established superintendent of the Excelsior Ditch, to Eagle's Court. As he and Kate stood again on the plateau, looking toward the distant slopes once more green with verdure, Falkner said:

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